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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.

# The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

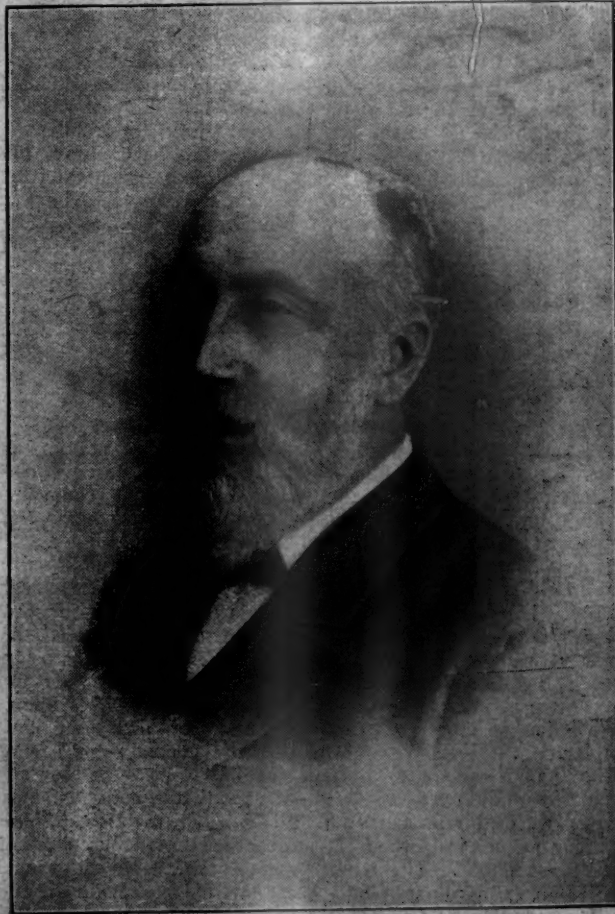
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

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MR. WALTER MACFARREN.

(From a Photo by Mayall, Regent Street.)

## MR. WALTER MACFARREN.

Mr. Walter Macfarren was born in London on the 28th August, 1826. Commencing his musical life as a chorister of Westminster Abbey, under Mr. James Turler, the youthful musician entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1842, studying the pianoforte under W. H. Holmes, and composition under his brother (afterwards Sir G. A. Macfarren), and Cipriani Potter. He made rapid progress, and in 1846 was elected a professor of the pianoforte in the Royal Academy, a position he has filled with honour and credit to himself and the institution ever since, during which long period he has produced many excellent pupils, amongst which may be named Miss Maud Valerie White, Miss Margaret Gyde, Miss Dora Bright, Miss Ethel Boyce, Mr. Frederick Westlake, Mr. Ridley Prentice, Mr. S. Kemp, Mr. W. Fitton and Mr. C. S. Macpherson.

Mr. Walter Macfarren is a pianist of the "legitimate" school, his style being formed upon the methods of all the "past masters" of the art, and he has but little sympathy with the " Sturm und Drang" of the modern developments of pianism. Nevertheless, he has been for a long period a much-appreciated and highly-valued public performer, and for many years his recitals and chamber concerts were a special feature of London's musical life.

Mr. Macfarren's work as a composer and conductor is too well known to require mention. His pianoforte pieces and orchestral compositions are all marked by a clearness of conception, a polish and refinement of style peculiarly their own, while his work as an orchestral chief has always been characterised by decision and efficiency. For many years he conducted the choral and orchestral classes at the Royal Academy, and his retirement from this post was hailed with general regret.

Mr. Macfarren's services as lecturer on various musical topics have been greatly in demand in all parts of the country—which is not to be wondered at, as he possesses not only a happy and lucid style of delivery, but himself is able to illustrate at the pianoforte his subjects in a way especially his own.

Mr. Macfarren is a man of wide culture, and possesses sympathies with art in all its forms. If he had not been a great musician he might have been a great painter, or architect, for both painting and architecture have always interested him deeply. That music has such a devoted and able disciple is a matter we have to be thankful for: may Mr. Macfarren long live to uphold the worthiness and dignity of the musical artistic life!

J. W.



## TWO SORTS OF THINKERS.

The greater part of mankind may be divided into two classes; that of shallow thinkers, who fall short of the truth, and that of *abstruse* thinkers, who go beyond it. The latter class are by far the most rare; and, I may add, by far the most useful and valuable. They suggest hints, at least, and start difficulties, which they want, perhaps, skill to pursue, but which may produce fine discoveries when handled by men who have a more just way of thinking. At worst what they say is uncommon; and if it should cause some pains to comprehend it, one has, however, the pleasure of hearing something that is new. An author is little to be valued who tells us nothing but what we can learn from every coffee-house conversation.

All people of *shallow* thought are apt to decry even those of *stolid* understanding, as *abstruse* thinkers, and metaphysicians, and refiners; and never will allow anything to be just which is beyond their own weak conceptions. There are some cases, I own; where an extraordinary refinement affords a strong presumption of falsehood, and where no reasoning is to be trusted but what is natural and easy. When a man deliberates con-

cerning his conduct in any *particular* affair, and forms schemes in politics, trade, economy, or any business in life, he never ought to draw his arguments too fine, or connect too long a chain of consequences together. Something is sure to happen that will disconcert his reasoning, and produce an event different from what he expected. But when we reason upon *general* subjects, one may justly affirm that our speculations can scarcely ever be too fine, provided they be just; and that the difference between a common man and a man of genius is chiefly seen in the shallowness or depth of the principles upon which they proceed. General reasonings seem intricate, merely because they are general; nor is it easy for the bulk of mankind to distinguish, in a great number of particulars, that common circumstance in which they all agree, or to extract it, pure and unmixed, from the other superfluous circumstances. Every judgment or conclusion with them is particular. They cannot enlarge their views to those universal propositions, which comprehend under them an infinite number of individuals, and include a whole science in a single theorem. Their eye is con-



founded with such an extensive prospect; and the conclusions derived from it, even though clearly expressed, seem intricate and obscure. But, however intricate they may seem, it is certain that general principles, if just and sound, must always prevail in the general course of things, though they may fail in particular cases; and it is the chief business of philosophers to regard the general course of things. I may add that is also the chief business of politicians; especially in the

domestic government of the State, where the public good, which is, or ought to be, their object, depends on the concurrence of a multitude of causes; not, as in foreign politics, on accidents and chances, and the caprices of a few persons. This, therefore, makes the difference between particular *deliberations* and *general* reasonings, and renders subtlety and refinement much more suitable to the latter than to the former.

DAVID HUME.



### CONTEMPORARIES' CRITICISMS.

The "Quarterly Musical Review" of 1825 contained the following review, immediately after the first performance of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony."

"There can be nothing so distressing to the feelings of a true artist as to see, and be obliged to notice, the partial failures of great men, whose productions have been the ornament of the art they cultivate. With such feelings we may suppose an artist to view a work of some mighty master, which, from the precision and finish displayed in parts of it, he would say, 'If this were the production of an aspiring artist for fame it must be considered an extraordinary performance; but, knowing it to proceed from the pencil of one with whose former works I and the rest of the world have been delighted and astonished, I cannot but feel that it falls infinitely short of them, and consequently fails to satisfy the minds of his true admirers.' Such was the effect produced upon my mind when the new grand symphony of Beethoven's was tried for the third time, at the Philharmonic, ushered into notice as it was by the flattering accounts from Germany of its magnificence and grandeur, supported by a most zealous and indefatigable conductor (Sir G. Smart), performed by a band containing some of the most talented musicians in Europe accustomed daily to the music of this wonderful genius, incited by its novelty and reported excellence, and, lastly, rehearsing it before a select company of musicians and amateurs, who, impressed like myself with a sense of Beethoven's wonderful powers, anxiously awaited opportunities of bestowing that warm and energetic applause which from such men should be given to those compositions only that unequivocally display the hand of the master.

"Before I enter into a brief detail of the beauties and defects of this symphony it may be right at once to say that its length alone will be a never-failing cause of complaint to those who reject monopoly in sounds, as it takes up one hour and twenty minutes in performance, which is not compensated by any beauty or unity of design, taking the composition as a whole.

"There are four different movements. The first is in F, *ma non troppo e un poco allegro*, in two-four time, and the first thirteen bars display the well-known eccentricity of this composer, for the basses and horns remain on the two notes E A during those bars, and form apparently a subject to work upon—but, like the Aurora Borealis, no sooner do you feast your eyes on the phenomenon than in an instant it vanishes from your sight. The latter part of this movement is masterly, and full of ability.

"The second movement is in D minor, three-four time, *molto vivace*, the style lively and brilliant; but I was not pleased sufficiently with the design of it to retain more than a few bars. The third movement, an *adagio con moto e cantabile*, in common time, is in my opinion decidedly the best and most pleasing part of the symphony; it flows in a melodious style of plain but excellent harmony, in simple counterpoint, of many real parts; and, although I could discover nothing particularly novel in the melodies thus interwoven, yet they were elegant, and moved in "liquid sweetness" to the end of the adagio.

"The fourth and last movement, upon which the violent admirers of Beethoven seem to place all their ill-judged vehemence of approbation, is one of the most extraordinary instances I have ever witnessed of great powers of mind and wonderful science wasted upon subjects infinitely beneath its strength. But I must at the same time declare that parts of this movement, one especially, where the basses lead off a sort of fugal subject of about twenty bars in a bold and commanding style, afterwards answered by the other parts, are really beautiful, and would be sufficient to have raised fame for any composer less known; but even here, while we are enjoying the delight of so much science and melody, and eagerly anticipating its continuance, on a sudden—like the fleeting pleasures of life, or the spirited young adventurer, who would fly from ease and comfort at home to the inhospitable shores of New Zealand or Lake Ontario—we are snatched away from such eloquent music to crude, wild and



extraneous harmonies that may to some ears express a great deal, but whether it is my misfortune or my fault I know not; I must confess the impressions made upon my ear resembled the agitations and contradictions of 'restless couples,' or reminded me of the poet's lofty figure, 'chaos is come again.' Some strong rays of elemental order ever and anon appeared, such as when the bass vocal part (for I should have premised that this movement contains the very novel feature of a vocal quartet and chorus translated from the German Schiller's 'Song of Joy') commences a pleasing and uncommon passage, taken up by the other parts as a round, like Rossini's '*Mi manca la voce*.'

"The chorus that immediately follows is also in many places exceedingly imposing and effective, but then there is so much of it, so many sudden pauses and odd and ludicrous passages for the horn and bassoon, so much rambling and vociferous execution given to the violins and stringed instruments—without any decisive effect or definite meaning—and, to crown all, the deafening, boisterous jollity of the concluding part, wherein, besides the usual allotment of triangles, drums, trumpets, etc., etc., all the known acoustical missile instruments I should conceive were employed, with the assistance of their able allies the corps of *sforzandos*, *crescendos*, *accelerandos* and many other *os*, that they made even the very ground shake under us, and would with their fearful uproar have been sufficiently penetrating to call up from their peaceful graves (if such things were permitted) the revered shades of Tallis, Purcell and Gibbons, and even of Handel and Mozart, to witness and deplore the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy in their art.

"When the concluding notes had ceased to vibrate upon my ears I felt a sort of painful, melancholy sensation, similar, perhaps, to those feelings that an enthusiastic lover of the sublime in nature and art

would experience on viewing some splendid ruin, a 'mournful tale of days long past,' which calls up in his mind so many associations of former state and magnificence that the soul in 'much contemplation' is subdued and disturbed. There was, however, this difference between my feelings and his, that I hoped ere long to witness other proofs of the same great builder's power of raising other and more durable structures of his fame, and that I should find the coming on of age had not driven away entirely those lofty powers of mind, whose emanations have long been the delight and admiration of all true musicians."

Onslow, a composer who is now almost forgotten, receives rather better treatment in the same journal for that year.

"The compositions newly introduced were Beethoven's symphony (purchased and got up by the society at an expense of 250 guineas), Spontini's overture to 'Olimpia,' and an overture by Mr. Onslow. Of the first a correspondent has already given so detailed an account, and his criticism has been so completely borne out by the performance, that we should only repeat what he has said were we to enter again upon an analysis of its parts. The impression on the auditors was certainly a mixed feeling of pleasure and dissatisfaction; of pleasure arising from the casual and bright gleams of talent that every now and then broke forth; of dissatisfaction at the exaggeration of several of the parts, at the disjointed nature of the whole composition, and at its immoderate length—it lasted an hour and five minutes. The expense it entails in the engagement of a chorus, the necessity of repeated rehearsals, etc., etc., may perhaps forbid its ever being done again, and will certainly impede both its frequent repetition or its general reception; yet it is the work of a great mind.

"Mr. Onslow's is a production of the school of Beethoven, and indicates strength and originality of genius."

—\* \* \* \* \*

THE most popular farces of the past three or four years have all been of home manufacture, and though none of them (since Mr. Pinero turned serious) has been of the highest quality, we have quite a little group of writers who are developing a pretty knack of seizing upon the humorous aspects of life. Upon the "musical comedy" of the "In Town," "Go-bang," "Shop Girl," and "Artist's Model" type, which is swamping our lighter theatres, it is impossible to look with much complacency; but it may at least be said that there are excellent possibilities in the form, and that even the tawdry and vulgar medleys we now see are greatly

preferable to the rancid burlesques which they have supplanted. Who would willingly go back to the time when a popular manager used to advertise himself as a "dealer in legs," when pink-limbed priestesses of the "sacred lamp" used to gabble screeds of halting doggerel, crammed with puns which they did not understand, and when not even the most beautiful and sacred theme in mythology, history or poetry was safe from the debasing clutch of the graceless and illiterate parodist? The "musical comedy" of to-day has at least the negative merit of not being a hideous leprosy on the fair face of literature.—*World*.

# A MEMORABLE NIGHT WITH BROWNING, CHORLEY, SPOHR AND MENDELSSOHN.

It was towards the end of the summer of 1843 that Robert Browning and the writer went to dine with H. F. Chorley, the able musical critic of the London "Athenæum." He lived in Victoria-square, a neat little place of the prettiest and nearly the smallest houses we have seen, being only intended for a bachelor, or, at the outside, a married couple during the honeymoon, when, it is natural to suppose, they don't want to be out of each other's sight and hearing. Opposite to Chorley lived Thomas Campbell, "The Pleasures of Hope" man, as Jerrold used to call him in distinction to another acquaintance of his, Lord Campbell, the law lord. Chorley had made the most of his *bijou* of a dwelling; the dining-room was the front parlour, the back parlour was his writing-room, and where he kept his books; while the first floor, as they call the second floor in England, was the music and drawing-room. Here was a most capital piano, one of Broadwood's best, mellowed by time and judicious playing, for we need hardly add that Chorley was a most tasteful and accomplished musician both on the violoncello and piano; the latter he touched with peculiar grace and soul, bringing out of its wire and wooden frame tones steeped in the very deepest pathos. After a very light and *recherché* dinner—where judicious ounces artistically cooked were more effective than pounds clumsily presented—and which we washed down with wines so very light and temperate that, had they been lighter, they would have soared to the simplicity of water; we dismissed the soup, fish, flesh and fowl, and took to our dessert, where the same elegant economy was displayed—a little of each kind of fruit, fresh and dry olives, with a pint bottle of champagne, half a decanter of port, the third of a decanter of sherry, the fourth of a decanter of madeira, a small, exquisitely-cut pitcher of fragrant claret, and last and first a pint of tokay in its original arm-a-kimbo coffin, urn, bottle or sarcophagus, whichever the reader considers as most appropriate. We ought to remark here that neither Chorley, Browning or myself had then even touched a cigar or pipe. By-the-bye, Chorley now and then took the tiniest pinch of fragrant snuff that ever titillated the olfactory nerves of an exquisite.

While we see him stand before us in our mind's eye, let us sketch Chorley in person—he was slender and about five feet eight inches in height; his eyes were a pale blue, his hair light red, something between the carrot and the sandy; his complexion was not clear, but somewhat sallow, sicklied over by the pale cast of thought and affectation. He was a scrupulously exact dresser,

although his taste was eccentric, since he delighted in the loud; for example, with pinkish-grey eyes and light sandy hair he combined a bright blue necktie and a shawl-vest of brilliant pattern. All these discordancies were, however, harmonised by his gentlemanly and engaging manners, despite a voice of the very squeakiest kind, which, strange to add, he now and then tortured into so melodious a shape that we have heard him sing on special and exceptional occasions a canzonet from the French with great taste, feeling and effect. As a crowning spell thrown into this cauldron of pinkish-blue eyes, pale reddish hair, side whiskers of the same semi-sandy and carrot colour, light-blue necktie, rainbow vest, squeaky voice and measly smile, the happy possessor of these numerous charms had a very mincing style of pronunciation. His conversation was, however, intellectual and entertaining; he had read much, travelled much, and wrote a very good strong style, somewhat disfigured, however, by an attempt to crowd too many ideas into one sentence. After dessert we all went upstairs to the drawing-room. Browning straightway sat down to the piano, and played with great power and taste several favourite pieces, among others a fine composition which he declared was the tune the Normans sung as they came over the sea to the conquest of England.

He had finished, and we were all engaged in a desultory conversation on music and everything else, when a coach stopped, and the next instant a thundering double-knock shook the door. As visitors were very frequent to the musical critic of so influential a paper as the "Athenæum" we continued our conversation, which was suddenly interrupted by Chorley's servant entering the room and telling him that two gentlemen wished to see him. Chorley immediately went downstairs, and in a few minutes returned, followed by the two visitors. "My dear friends, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to Mr. Spohr and Mr. Mendelssohn." After exchanging salutations we sat down and entered into conversation. More than forty-five years have passed, and yet I see them all around me.

Spohr had a massive, almost heavy face, fine forehead and bald head, deep and solemn eyes, but his head seemed awkwardly placed on his shoulders, and gave one the impression of a lethargic nature. His voice was deep, and he spoke with great deliberation. He was evidently very little of the man of the world.

Mendelssohn was quite a contrast to Spohr. Tall and elegantly formed, with very dark hair and most expressive eyes—almost black—moustache

and whiskers neatly trimmed, although sufficiently luxurious not to be prim; a winning and half melancholy smile; a most soft, almost womanly tenderness of address, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and depth, made the great composer of dream music a most interesting person.

We had a glorious night till three o'clock (in the

morning). Spohr on the violoncello, which he played as Milton might be supposed to play on the organ, accompanying Mendelssohn, who played with true inspiration on the piano. We had some selections from Spohr's own opera of "Faust," and several pieces of Mendelssohn's.—*From the "American Art Journal."*

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#### MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH WHEN A BOY.

"Yes, come by all means; I have nothing to tell you." Such was the laconic epistle I received in reply to my letter asking Mr. George Grossmith, the well-known actor and entertainer, to favour me with half-an-hour's chat about his boyhood.

"About my boyhood?" said he, replying to my first question without hesitation (he probably noticed my determined air). "Why, I am a boy yet."

Mr. George Grossmith was born in December, 1847. "However," he went on, "I know what you mean—you want to hear something about my younger days. First of all," continued Mr. Grossmith, seating himself comfortably in a chair, "let me tell you that I still possess many of the things which used to amuse me when I was at school—toys, retorts, batteries, a toy printing-press, a camera, and a number of other things. I know boys, as a rule, soon break up such articles; but, if they take my advice, they will use their playthings carefully and save them until they grow up.

"It is astonishing what a host of pleasing recollections will be conjured up on viewing them after the lapse of years.

"There is the camera, for instance. Both my brother Weedon and I went in for amateur photography; but, as the fad was started by me, I was usually principal operator. We took—or, rather, tried to take—everything and everybody.

"Mr. J. L. Toole was 'taken' scores of times, as well as our family, all my father's friends, the servants and the tradespeople. We must have become a nuisance, for our dogs, directly they saw us, camera in hand, would sneak into the house and hide away in the coal-cellar.

"Then I also had a bicycle. Weedon had one too, but for a long time the bicycle was more often on him than he on the bicycle. I remember that machine well. It was bought at an auction-room near Covent Garden, cheap. I being the champion rider of the family was sent to bid for and buy the bicycle, and to ride it home in style. I bought it. That was easy enough; riding it home was another matter. Anyhow, I leaped into the saddle before an admiring crowd of the usual frequenters of Covent Garden, and—came to the ground with a crash. The springs had been very carefully made

of cast iron! I intended that the bicycle should carry me home—I carried the bicycle."

"About your schooldays, Mr. Grossmith," I then queried. "Where did you first go to school?"

"Well, I went to school first at the age of five to an academy for (very young) ladies and gentlemen. That was where I first fell in love with a lady about my own age. At my next school I invented and acted in shadow pantomimes. The school was kept by three ladies, and the eldest was a great favourite with the boys. I always appreciated her kindness, for she occasionally gave me permission to fire off a brass cannon with real gunpowder in the kitchen. She was very good to us, and I remained at the school until I was nearly twelve years old."

"And how came you to take to entertainments, Mr. Grossmith?" I then asked.

"I really can't say," was the reply. "At the age of twelve I could play the piano very well, and I used to like singing comic songs; in fact, I don't remember a time when I did not sing comic songs, and the rest—well, I think the rest came by itself. I think the first regular entertainment in which I took part was in 1864 at our house, and it included a burlesque on "Hamlet," written by my father, my brother Walter Weedon, and myself. I have the programme somewhere."

This interesting memento was soon found, and although it is impossible to reproduce it in full, I here give the first items:—

Haverstock Hill, April 1st, 1864.

*With Master George and Walter Grossmith's Compliments.*

##### PROGRAMME.

7 o'clock.—General Gathering of the Company (Limited).

The first arrival will please to make itself as comfortable as possible.

7.30.—Music and conversation. The latter may be varied by an occasional allusion to the day of the month—a practical joke being the "touch of nature" that makes everybody touchy.

8 o'clock.—Quadrille and Polka.

9 o'clock.—Quadrille and Waltz.

A few young gents in their teens, inspired by the Tercentenary (see Hepworth Dixon, or any other dixonary), will recite a passage from—and a very long way from—*Hamlet*.  
Etc., etc.



"I played Hamlet, of course," said Mr. Grossmith, "and my brother played Ophelia and the Grave-digger."

Mr. Grossmith is also greatly interested in the Dorset Square Railway—which, by the way, only possesses one locomotive engine—he being, in fact, proprietor, director, manager, stationmaster, booking-clerk, ticket-collector, porter, engine-driver, stoker, and guard. Although Parliament has not yet been applied to for powers to build the railway, it undoubtedly exists, and the "express" runs—occasionally.

The line, let me explain, runs through the popular entertainer's residence, from the main terminus (the reception-room), through the hall to the stables, the other terminus being the coach-house.

Mr. Grossmith is rather reticent about this, his pet hobby. Nevertheless, I learned that the engine—which is a perfect working model, stands three feet high, and is capable of attaining a high rate of speed—with tender and railway-line, cost the original owner about £500. Mr. Grossmith says that he bought it at a sale for a mere song, as the machine was too small for use and too big for a toy.

One of the most humorous sights imaginable is to watch Mr. Grossmith as, seated in the tender in company with one or two juvenile friends, he starts the train, peering anxiously in front, in order to avert any possible accident, turning on and shutting off steam as occasion requires, and invariably arriving at the journey's end with passengers and train intact.—*From "Chums" for November.*

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#### SOME STORIES OF THE STAGE.

Playgoers of to-day do not appear to fall so easily under the influence of the power of the performer or the vividness of a striking situation as in times gone by.

They do not so quickly lose their own identity, so to speak, and become so absorbed in the drama as to be carried away with the interest of the plot to such an extent that they feel themselves not merely spectators, but participators in a real and tangible incident. But when plays deal more with homely and natural stories, and less with the fantastic and "woman with a past" class of drama, folk appear to have been more emotional and enthusiastic. They forget the mimic side of the picture, and only saw before them life in miniature, as they understood it. They had the human note very finely tuned and developed.

For example, when they were playing the almost immortal "Green Bushes" at the Adelphi during one of its many revivals, Mdme. Celeste, in the character of Miami, the Indian, had to shoot her English husband, by whom she had been deserted, and after firing the pistol, a woman started up in the pit and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Serve him right; it's just like my monster!" This explosion of insulted womanhood, produced by the "cunning of the scene" and Madame Celeste's powerful acting, was naturally followed by a burst of laughter from all parts of the house.

It is certain that art frequently possesses more sway over our feelings than nature herself. It was at the Olympic Theatre, in the autumn of 1874, when the "Two Orphans" was being acted, that a young lady sitting in the stalls hurled her opera glasses, with the exclamation, "You beast!" at Mrs. Huntley (La Frochard), who was ill-treating

Mr. Henry Neville, the crippled Pierre, in the garret scene. It was certainly a high compliment to that actress's power, though it was a dangerous way of sending a testimonial.

But it was a critic who uprose, on the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at the Princess's Theatre in 1865, under the management of George Vining, and vehemently protested against the flogging business in the jail scene as being inhuman and untrue to life. However, it was true to life, and the discussion that ensued in the papers tended to crowd the theatre nightly for many months.

But audiences did not always take things too seriously, and were in the habit of expressing themselves very candidly when occasion arose. Even the great Grimaldi could not invariably rely upon success for his old wheezes. He was once hissed at Sadler's Wells Theatre after singing his celebrated comic song (what a dull piece it was to read, by the way) "Tippity-witchet," and he appealed to the audience. He "had nodded," he said, "frowned, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped; he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose, and mouth, and what more did they want?" "Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature!"

Sometimes it is the manager who gives vent to his feelings when sitting in "front," as was the case with Henry Harris, for many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre in the early part of the century.

He was watching the performance from the stage-box of an actor of the name of Faulkner, who had recently arrived from the provinces, and was

making his appearance on the metropolitan boards as Octavia in "The Mountaineers." Faulkner was not quite up to the mark, and when he exclaimed in a deep guttural tone, "Oh! where is my honour?"

Harris exclaimed, "I wish your honour was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart!"

Macready, of whom many stories were told, says in his "Memoirs":—"I remember on one occasion acting in 'Venice Preserved.' A long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend, Jaffier, was 'dragging its slow length along,' when someone in the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, 'Ah! now die at once!' when a voice from the other side

immediately replied, 'Be quiet, you blackguard, and then turning with a patronising tone to the lingering Jaffier, 'Just take your time, will you?'"

As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of the stage, we may recall the story of an eminent special pleader who was witnessing a performance of "Macbeth."

In the scene where the Thane of Cawdor, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" the answer is "A deed without a name."

This phrase struck the ears of the pleader at once, and he cried out, excitedly—"A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."—*Globe*.

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#### RESULT OF COMPETITION.—No. 20.

The solution of our Musical Double Acrostic seems to have been of greater difficulty than we anticipated, judging by the small number of answers sent in.

It was framed on simple lines purposely, and we were fully prepared to receive several correct solutions. As a matter of fact only one was absolutely correct, and the coupon attached to it bore the motto, "Denmark." The winner's name and address is—

EDWY HARLING,

6 Derby Terrace,  
Rawtenstall, Lancs.,

to whom the prize offered has been sent.

We print below the Acrostic and correct solution:—

An ancient and modern master in the art,  
But in their parentage old England bore no part.

Handel—Brahms.

- |   |                  |    |
|---|------------------|----|
| 1. A contemporary of Handel                                 | B ac             | H  |
| 2. One of Handel's operas                                   | "R odelind       | A" |
| 3. One of Weber's operas                                    | "A bu Hassa      | N" |
| 4. An opera by a well-known living English composer (Cowen) | ... "H arol      | D" |
| 5. A sacred work by Gounod                                  | "M esse Solennel | E" |
| 6. A well-known oratorio                                    | ... "S t. Pau    | L" |

"Eureka" almost found it, but gave "Saul" as the sixth light. Certainly it fits the initial and final, but can hardly be considered "well known" in the sense "St. Paul" is. Excepting the "Dead March," and perhaps the overture, there are very few, if any, numbers in "Saul" familiar to the general musical public. Two ingenious solutions have been sent in by "Spes" and "Pro rege et

limine" (we are inclined to think the same competitor has used both *noms-de-plume*; otherwise it is a very singular coincidence), and we append them—

"S mit	H"
"C leofid	A"
"H assa	N"
"U topia Limite	D"
"T obi	E"
"Z ion's Hil	L"

The other is exactly the same, excepting "Saul" as the sixth light.

"Schütz," or Schüts, according to old German spelling (so says our competitor) is certainly "ancient," but Handel can hardly be considered "modern." "Smith," Handel's secretary, *must* have been contemporary with him. "Cleofida" is a character in Handel's opera "Poro," produced at Hamburg in 1731. "Hassan" is a shortened form of "Abu Hassan." "Utopia, Limited" is distinctly good; we might say with Mr. Gilbert "the punishment fits the crime" exactly. "Tobie," an oratorio by Gounod, with which we are totally unacquainted, except as regards name. Can any of our readers recall a performance of it in this country? "Zion's Hill" is not the exact title of Gade's sacred cantata, and we question if "Zion" could be generally described as "well known;" not that it is unworthy of notice by any means containing as it does some very beautiful music, but the somewhat extreme range of its baritone solo (the only solo in the work) possibly deters many conductors from including it in their programmes.

Although unsuccessful, we must congratulate "Pro rege et limine cum Spes" on the ingenuity displayed in arriving at a solution of our Acrostic.



Our next issue will contain a Portrait and Biography of Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Others, Result of last Competition, Particulars of a new and interesting Competition, in which all our readers can take part, and the usual bright reading, including specially written articles.



A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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IT is a good thing sometimes to "starve a fever," and bearing this in mind we refrained from commenting on the Purcell festival while the Bi-centenary was being celebrated, as we did not wish to be a party to increasing febrile disturbance. The higher the pulse the greater the collapse after the fever has abated, and the more danger to the patient. Experience shows that abnormal enthusiasm is often followed by disgust, just as a surfeit of good things causes loathing. The Purcell Bi-centenary may lead to a similar state of things if pushed too far; and it would be a pity if, after so much has been said in eulogy of our great musician, he were to be shelved for the rest of the generation.

In directing the attention of the general public to Purcell's genius it is necessary to point out that it was his precocity that was so especially wonderful. Speaking as it were many years in advance of his day, while Handel and Bach were yet unknown, to his contemporaries unacquainted with the work of Monteverde and others, his method must have been a great revolution, as Wagner or Berlioz's in a later generation. But the general public listening to Purcell for the first time, and perceiving nothing new to them, with, on the contrary, much that savours of being obsolete, is unable to approach the matter from the standard of the antiquary or educated musician, and in this lies the danger to his memory. To appreciate Purcell's genius we must approach his music from the standard of contemporary achievements, and not from our modern standpoint. Viewed in this attitude nothing but good can accrue from the study of such masterpieces as "Dido and Æneas," the great Te Deum, "King Arthur," or "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

## A PRIMA DONNA WITH A FUTURE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS SUSAN STRONG.

I confess (writes a representative of the "Westminster Gazette") I am always rather prone to funk an interview with a prima donna, but certainly there never was less occasion for any misplaced trepidation of this kind than in the case of Miss Susan Strong, the fair American whose beautiful impersonation of Sieglinde made so profound an impression upon all who heard it at Covent Garden the other evening. For this wonderful young singer is no less modest and unassuming than she is accomplished. In fact, the difficulty was to get her to speak about herself at all. Her speech was all of the excellent Mr. Korbay, her teacher, to whom, as she affirms, the whole of the credit is due for the success which she achieved.

"He taught me everything," she observed on this point. "When I went to him first my ignorance was boundless, and as to my voice, there was nothing of it, as you may imagine when I tell you that I could not get up to F without an effort. When I look back on what I was I can hardly credit the change which has been effected. Mr. Korbay taught me production and added many notes to my voice. In a word, whatever ability as a vocalist I now possess is due every bit of it to Mr. Korbay's wonderful teaching."

"About myself," said Miss Strong, her fine enthusiasm departing at once, "there is very little to tell. You know I am an American. I was born in Brooklyn. My father was a senator, and at one time Mayor of the city. He did not encourage the notion of my going on the stage. Whenever such a thing was hinted at it was the signal for my trunks to be packed up and for me to be despatched forthwith on a pleasuring tour to some distant part of the States. But the device failed to extinguish my love for the stage, and when my father died no further obstacle remained. I can tell you, by the way, that I am the youngest of a family of fourteen."

"I first went to Mr. Korbay"—the irrepressible Mr. Korbay again!—"as a pupil when I was sixteen, though I had known him since I could walk; and it was on account of my knowing him

so well that I was allowed to come to England to pursue my studies under his care just eleven months ago. That was the only reason I came to England."

"And how did this engagement, which has resulted so triumphantly, come about?"

"I was at Bayreuth at the time when Mr. Korbay—*toujours* Korbay!—"wrote to ask if I would undertake the part of Sieglinde at the forthcoming performances, under Mr. Hedmondt's direction, at Covent Garden, and I replied at once that if he wished it I would do so."

"You had already been engaged by Madame Wagner for the next Bayreuth Festival?"

"Hardly that. Nothing has yet been definitely settled, though Madame Wagner, who was very kind to me, has made me an offer of an engagement from which something may come. I cannot tell you how I enjoyed my stay in Germany. After my visit to Bayreuth I went on to Munich, where, of course, I attended all the performances. Did I enjoy them? I can only say that I was an absolute wreck at the end of each one—they moved me so much."

"You were glad to make your *début* in Wagner?"

Miss Strong's face lighted up with enthusiasm at the question. "Who would not be?" she exclaimed. "There is no music in existence which appeals to me like Wagner's."

"And what are your future plans?"

"Well, I am to appear next as Elsa, as you may know, and as for the rest, I can say nothing at present. But I don't mind telling you that I am ambitious, and want to do great things. I love my work devotedly, and hope to do well at it. At present I am studying very hard. And I mean to continue doing so. How far success will crown my efforts time alone can show."

Miss Strong is too diffident. Time has shown already. With a remark to which effect our representative took his departure. It is hardly needful to add that since the above was written Miss Strong has appeared in due course as Elsa, with the success which one was entitled to anticipate.

— \* \* \* \* \*

A WEAK INVENTION.—The keeper of a luncheon bar, a careful man, one day broke a tumbler. He stood for a moment gazing at the fragments, with a pained look, as though sudden ruin had happened to him; and then, turning to the barman, said, "Tom, put a pint of water into the old Cognac."

MONEY-MAKING.—"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious-looking wag, who had made some small purchase of him. "It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the answer. Upon this, the questioner proposed to give the man into custody for coining; but he explained, in his defence, that he *made the money* by fiddling.

## FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The surfeit of music of which I spoke last month has provoked a bad attack of indigestion; and consequently just at present one looks at things from a pessimistic point of view. I have tried to be present at as many concerts as possible, but as one cannot be omnipresent or omniscious, many very good events must go unrecorded again this month.

The Monday and Saturday Concerts—by many regarded as typically conservative—have actually gone a little with the times, for, following up the appearance of Rosenthal last month, the director has actually also engaged Reisenauer for this! If these concerts are to be made to pay continuously such a policy is indeed a wise one. The British public dearly loves “star” artistes, and will hardly tolerate anything less brilliant. If music was loved and worshipped for itself of course the artiste would be honoured for doing good work, but not worshipped for himself. To most people, however, it is immaterial what the music is or even how it is done; the question is, *Who does it?* We commend these sentiments to the attention of the directors of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts as well as other *entrepreneurs*.

Many concerts have been given lately at a loss, and at the present time scarcely any interest connected with music seems to be flourishing financially. The teachers complain that they can get no pupils worth having; the performers complain that their fees are cut down and engagements much scarcer than formerly. Talented students want to be taught for nothing; really rich ones, if promising, go to Germany. There are two causes for this—the cultivation of domestic music, and excessive competition. When a few dozen musicians have been found starved to death and the rest march in procession to Trafalgar Square with a red flag, then and not before will be stayed the mad rush into the profession of persons possessing slender qualifications. In the meantime, quacks who encourage this flourish like the green bay tree

whilst “good men” can hardly make an honest living!

It has been said that mediocrity is the bane of English art. Is it not the bane of every art? Is it not the curse of every profession? There seems to be about as much sense in this remark as there is in that other wise saying, that if you put your hand in the fire you must expect to be burned. If such platitudes as this, or such commonly to-be-heard truisms as are part of the cant of the political and religious world, are to be transplanted into musical literature our case must be bad indeed.

I was much interested in a paper read by Mr. T. L. Southgate before the Musical Association, in which were cited some of the absurdities committed by novelists in writing of music. Many ludicrous and absurd quotations were read by standard writers, and great amusement was created amongst the many musicians present. Much of the “fine writing” and “gush” is harmless and diverting enough; it is only when a show of technical knowledge is made that errors become irritating and serious. I am not concerned to defend the novelists or act as an apologist on their behalf, but I fully believe that painters, architects and others could find quite as many errors in the treatment of their special subjects as do musicians, if they were to search for them. It is only because we are specialists that we find so many absurdities. I never opened a book—directory or what not—containing descriptions of persons or places that I knew intimately that I did not find to contain errors. Nay, I was once editor of a compilation which had certain particulars in which I was myself interested most absurdly wrong, though through no fault of mine! Verily indeed, however, it may be said, that if few novelists are musicians fewer musicians are novelists!

“A Merry Christmas” to you all and “A Happy New Year” when it comes, as the old saying goes.



THE theatre was the world in which Wagner lived, moved, and had his being. He was fond of discussing matters social, political and religious, but a reformed theatre and a reformed art occupied his chief attention, and led to the series of music-dramas which have made his name famous. Wagner seemed never to tire of expressing his views, by letter, article or pamphlet; his persever-

ance and earnestness must be acknowledged even by those who differ most from him in opinion.—*Academy*.

HOSPITAL nurses are twice as attractive in their print gowns, their dainty caps and snowy aprons as in their ordinary society clothes—a fact which has not been without its influence on the popularity of the nursing profession.—*Speaker*.



# "DON GIOVANNI."

THE MOST MOVING, POWERFUL AND PASSIONATE DRAMA IN THE WORLD.

There is surely no more passionate, powerful and moving drama in the world than "Don Giovanni." Despite the triviality of Da Ponte's book, the impetus of the music carries along the action at a tremendous speed; the moments of relief occur just when relief is necessary, and never retard the motion; the climaxes are piled up with incredible strength and mastery, and have an emotional effect more powerful than anything in "Fidelio," and equal to anything in Wagner's music-dramas; and most stupendous of all is the finale, with its tragic blending of the grotesque and the terrible. Or, if one considers detail, in no other opera do the characters depict themselves in every phrase they utter as they do in "Don Giovanni."

The songs stamp Mozart as the greatest songwriter who has lived, with the exception of Handel, whose opera songs are immeasurably beyond all others save Mozart's, and a little beyond them. The mere musicianship is as consummate as Bach's, for, like Bach, Mozart possessed that facility which is fated to many men, but combined with it a high sincerity, a greedy thirst for the beautiful, and an emotional force that prevented it being fatal to him. For delicacy, subtlety, due brilliancy and strength, the orchestral colouring cannot be matched. And no music is more exclusively its own composer's, has less in it of other composers'.

Beethoven is Beethoven *plus* Mozart, Wagner is Wagner *plus* Weber and Beethoven; but from every page of Mozart's scores Mozart alone looks at you, with sad laughter in his eyes, and unspeakable tenderness, the tenderness of the giants, of Handel, Bach and Beethoven, though perhaps Mozart is tenderest of them all. He cannot write a comic scene for a poor clownish Masetto without caressing him with a divinely beautiful "Cheto, cheto, mi vo' star," and in presence of death or

human distress the strangest, sweetest things fall from his lips.

And finally, he is always the perfect artist without reproach: there is nothing wanting and nothing in excess; as he himself said on one occasion, his scores contain exactly the right number of notes. This is "Don Giovanni" as one may see it a century after its birth: a faultless masterpiece; yet (in England at least) it only gets an occasional performance through the freak of a prima donna, who, as the stage critic said of Mozart, is undoubtedly "a little *passée* now."

The full fame of "Don Giovanni" was comparatively brief, and at this time there seems to be a hazy notion that its splendours have waned before the greater blaze of Wagner, just as the symphonies are supposed to have faded in the more brilliant light of Beethoven. At lectures on musical history it is reverently spoken of; but it is seldom sung, and the public declines to go to hear it; and though few persons are so foolish as to admit their sad case, I suspect that more than a few agree with the sage critic who told us not long since that Mozart was a little *passé* now. Is it indeed so? Well, Mozart lived in the last days of the old world, and the old world and the thoughts and sentiments of the old world are certainly a little *passés* now. And if you analyse the thoughts and sentiments of "Don Giovanni," forgetting that in art the whole always exceeds the sum of its parts, you may easily come to the same conclusion as that sage critic. But if you examine it as a living whole, you must admit that the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, "Fidelio," "Lohengrin," "The Ring," "Tristan," and "Parsifal," have done nothing to eclipse its glories, that, while fresh masterpieces have come forth, "Don Giovanni" remains a masterpiece amongst masterpieces.—*Saturday Review*.

— \* \* \* \* \*

## CARLYLE AND HIS WAYS.

The injunctions left by Mr. Froude in his will respecting the destruction of all the papers in his possession relating to Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle revive many memories respecting the "Sage of Chelsea." During the Russian-Turkish war Mr. Carlyle's sympathies were, as was well known, sternly Russian, and any mention of the Unspeakable Turk roused his wrath to a terrible extent. It was my good fortune to see a great deal of him in those days, and one night we met at the dinner-table of a

very great common friend, when he was specially wrathful at some incident which had occurred in connection with the conflict then going on. To contradict him or argue with him was useless, as it would only fan the flames; so we all sat in silence listening to the torrent of vehement, angry abuse of the unfortunate Turks, who were then performing prodigies of valour against overwhelming odds. He harangued us for some time, and received no response. The growlings of the thunder became

lower and lower, and at last ceased with a loud laugh and chuckle at the conspiracy of silence, of which no one enjoyed the fun more than himself. He exclaimed, "Well, well! I see I am going to have the jaw all to myself," and quickly changed the subject, choosing another on which we could all join in more or less modified agreement.

If not contradicted (and at his age very few cared to irritate the old man), he soon relinquished his soliloquy, and fell into the conversation around him, puffing great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and growling out remarks of approval or of dissent.

I always remember the last time I saw him, but a very short time before his death. He was lying on a sofa in the room so well known to us all; his god-daughter, a little girl of some seven years, who

had brought him a pair of warm gloves to wear, standing beside him.

He was very weary, and very tired of life; and the contrast was striking between the child on the threshold of life, with toys, its pleasures and its feebleness still unfolded, standing beside the aged philosopher, whose dim eye and shrunk form told of a life of struggle, weariness and unsatisfied longings—who had drunk the cup of life to its dregs; who had won fame, renown; who had left a name that would live in all time; who yet longed for death with a passionate longing.

It was one of the most dramatic pictures one had ever seen, and one that could never pass from the memory of those who saw it.—*Lady Jeune, in The Realm.*

### THE RELIGION OF MUSIC.

BY THE LATE SIR CHARLES HALLE.

Though a foreigner by birth, says the November "Review of Reviews," there are few men to whom we are so deeply indebted for the higher cultivation of music as we are to Sir Charles Hallé. His exquisite interpretations on the piano of the great masters, his initiative in introducing to this country chamber music of the highest class, his achievements with his Manchester orchestra, and his splendid services in connection with the Royal College of Music at Manchester, make his death a heavy blow to musical art.

The "Musical Times" for November contains an obituary notice, but the account of himself which Sir Charles Hallé gave at a banquet in 1890, previous to his professional tour in Australia, has new interest just now. It runs somewhat as follows:—

"Music has been a sort of religion to me all my life; and if ever in my closing days I can be proud of anything, it will be that I have during my long life always endeavoured to serve the cause of music, and to serve it well. Music has influences beyond those of any other art. I do not think that by the sight of an admirable picture, or an admirable piece of statuary, crowds of people will ever be so moved as by the strains of music. It has a great softening influence upon the large mass of the people. The forty years I have spent in England have been much more interesting to me than if I had spent them anywhere else, because certainly the same progress has not been made in any other country as in England."

Referring to the state of musical matters half a century ago, Sir Charles continued:—

"In Paris my position had become extremely satisfactory. I was what was considered in

the musical line a very prosperous man. But when the Revolution of 1848 came it was clear that I must seek my fortune in other countries, and I came to London first, with no thought whatever of Manchester.

"While still at Paris, I used to meet at the salon of M. Leo distinguished men in science, literature, and art, among them Alexander von Humboldt. Now, Humboldt never wanted any conversation; he always talked alone. He got hold of a little circle, but he never allowed anybody to put in a word. I was asked to play, and as Humboldt continued to hold forth, we were performing a duet—or perhaps I should say a duel. Sometimes I overpowered him, but more often he overpowered me.

"When I came to London, I had letters of introduction to Lord Brougham and others. Lord Brougham received me kindly, but at once confessed that music was perfectly out of his line. It was said he could not distinguish one tune from another, and I inferred that his statement was correct.

"Another gentleman invited me to his house and asked me to play something to his friends. On leaving him, he asked me in what style I played. As I did not understand, he named an eminent pianist, and said: 'Do you play in his style?' 'No,' I replied. 'I am so glad,' he rejoined, 'because he plays so loud that he prevents the ladies talking.'

"A few evenings after my arrival I played at the German Embassy, and there found a whole company of Humboldts. They talked at the top of their voices, and I shortened the piece as much as possible. Later on, when asked to play again, I

played the same piece, and nobody was the wiser. Then I found that if I asked any gentleman belonging to society, 'Do you play any instrument?' it was considered an insult.

"The first concert at which I assisted in Manchester produced, I must confess, a disastrous effect on me. I thought I should have to pack up and go away. The Gentlemen's Concerts were still private, and I remember well the long struggle I had with the directors to have the programmes made public. But times have wonderfully changed, and if I have been in any way instrumental in bringing about the change, I am proud of it."

It was in 1850 that Sir Charles made Manchester the field for his labours. He soon recognised the pressing need for a permanent orchestra for the northern provinces, and set about forming one in Manchester, whose business it should be to travel from town to town and give symphony concerts. This orchestra is said to cost nearly £8,000 a year, and it has been heard in nearly every provincial town of considerable size. Nor has London been ex-

cluded; but here, alas! though the performances were excellent, the audiences were often scanty, and it was only at the eleventh hour that Sir Charles was ensured against loss. What with his pianoforte recitals and orchestral performances and his multitudinous engagements in Manchester, most of his nights in the winter season were spent in railway carriages. But he was careful in his habits, and enjoyed perfect health.

His piano-playing was distinguished by classical purity of style, and was therefore devoid of all extravagance and sensationalism. It is just two years since the Royal Manchester College of Music was founded, and the principal contributed an account of it to the "Strand Musical Magazine" last May. The only serious disadvantage from which the school has so far suffered is the lack of scholarships open to those who have only their gifts to commend them.

Sir Charles, who was knighted in 1888, was born in 1819, and was thus the same age as Madame Schumann.

— \* \* \* \* \*

#### HENRY RUSSELL.

Henry Russell, composer and entertainer, still lives, a prosperous gentleman, hale and hearty, at the age of eighty-three. He was born in 1812, made his first appearance in "Pizarro" in Waterloo year, joined Elliston's Children's Opera Company at the age of about eight, and appeared before and was congratulated by the King at Brighton, and at eighteen dedicated to the Princess Victoria, then eleven, a book on singing. His compositions have had a world-wide circulation, and, like Ulysses, he has travelled in many lands, until quite lately singing and playing in masterly style his own productions. Who among the most modern of us has not heard and enjoyed the music of "To the West," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Woodman, spare that Tree," and many another? He now gives in his "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" "Memories of Men and Music," rambling but very entertaining recollections, interspersed with abundant anecdote, "original and selected." Some of the most amusing stories of Charles Mathews, the impetuous, here undergo resurrection, notably that ever-favourite anecdote of the Bath hotel that had nothing in the house but an execution, and the good one of the Irish driver, who, to Mathew's astonishment, addressed him by name on landing at Kingstown Quay, and, after being well paid and tipped, told the puzzled comedian he had read his name on his hat-box. There is one of an Irish labourer and Sir Robert Peel—which Sir Robert is not said. The labourer asked the baronet the

time, the Dublin Post-Office clock being in view. As he could not read he was told "It is just twelve o'clock, but in London twenty-five minutes past twelve," a curious piece of information, surely, under the circumstances. Upon this the man dashed his hat on the ground and cried, "Begorra; there's another injustice to Ireland." Better than this is one of playing the Hallelujah Chorus in a Presbyterian Kirk at Rochester, New York. To Russell one of the elders:—

"You will excuse me, sir, we are all pleased with your smartness on the noble organ. Your playing 'Old Hundred' was grand, but that last piece of music of yours is too theatrical, and I guess you'd better not play it again."

"You astonish me!" I exclaimed. "Why, Deacon, it is one of the finest choruses ever composed. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston are always presenting it as one of their stock pieces."

"The Handel and Haydn Society, did you say?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I've heard of the house before, and I believe them to be a most respectable firm—so I calculate you may play it when you like."

The American Presbyterians were more fond of the "kist o' whistles" than their brethren in Scotland at that time. Mr. Russell tells us that it was at Rochester he found out that "sacred music played quickly makes the best kind of secular music."



good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing-room he led me to a recess, having taken a copy of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which lay on the table, 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'have you read this thing?' 'I have looked into it! Do you know the author?' asked he. 'Do you know the author?' echoed I, resolved not to

be caught. 'No,' said Pinkerton; 'but I never read such utter trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called the 'Ancient Mariner.' Don't you think it insufferable?' Coleridge: 'Intolerable!' Pinkerton: 'Detestable!' Coleridge: 'Abominable!' Pinkerton: 'Odious!' Coleridge: 'Loathsome!' Pinkerton: 'Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound taste in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these 'Lyrical Ballads,' of which every one is talking; but more especially of this wretched 'Ancient Mariner.' Coleridge: 'Hush,

not a word more, here comes our hostess. I know she is acquainted with the author, and she might be hurt.' Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): 'I'll tell you what, sir, we musn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together, and review the thing; and if we don't give it a slashing, such a tearing: such a —.' 'If we don't!' said Coleridge. 'Is it a bargain?' 'Most certainly.' 'Done! done!'

— \* \* \* \* \*

#### ANECDOTES OF DR. WESLEY.

A correspondent of *The Church Times* tells a good story as follows:—"A friend, who tells me that Samuel Sebastian Wesley was organist of Gloucester, and not at Winchester, is a little out. Wesley took the post at Winchester in order to give his sons the advantage of the education of the great school of Wykeham. But in 1865 the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, having asked his advice on the choice of an organist for their own cathedral, Wesley offered himself, and they jumped at him, so he went to them. My correspondent gives an amusing anecdote of him there which he had from the son of one of the three parties concerned. He, in company with two brother organists, Arnold of Winchester, and Pyne of Bath Abbey, went on a holiday tour in Devonshire. In their rambles they passed through a village where, in a humble cottage, they saw a notice, 'Lessons in Music. Sixpence per hour.' 'Come in,' said Dr. Wesley, 'I have not had a music lesson for years, and I am sure I want one. Come in, you two fellows, and see that I get my sixpennorth.' They knocked at the door. A lean figure in a dressing-gown presented himself. 'I want a music lesson,' said Dr. Wesley. 'Pray come in, sir.' 'You must let my friends come in, sir, for they both want to learn.' 'Certainly, gentlemen.' The piano was opened, and Dr. Wesley was duly instructed how to hold his hands, to turn his thumb under the

forefinger of each hand, &c., &c. (just imagine the scene!), and set to play a scale in the natural key. After a while he did his work so well that the poor old fellow said he must go upstairs and find something more difficult for him. He did not come down again. He had no sooner left the room than Wesley thundered forth the opening movement of a Fugue of another Sebastian. When the old pedagogue returned after their departure he found something much better than a sixpence left by the three travellers, for true musicians are kind of heart to the humblest of their followers."

Another good story from the same source about the worthy doctor is as follows:—"The Dean, Dr. Lowe, sent word asking him to oblige some ladies, who were at the service, by playing Pergolesi's *Gloria* after the service as the Voluntary. Dr. Wesley thought meanly of the composition, and resented the request. A pupil was usually with him in the organ loft. During the final prayers he sent the pupil to stand out in the gallery where he was conspicuous, and just before the Voluntary called him in, and in consequence everybody thought the pupil was going to play. But Wesley played himself, having previously closed all the stops, except the 'twelfth,' 'fifteenth,' 'sesquialtra,' and 'mixture.' The listeners never wanted to hear Pergolesi again. The bagpipes were nothing to it,"

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#### COMING CONCERTS.

January 4th.—Queen's (large) Hall: London Ballad Concert at 3.  
5th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30. National Sunday League at 7.  
11th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Polytechnic Concert at 8.  
12th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30. National Sunday League at 7.  
15th.—Queen's (large) Hall: London Ballad Concert at 8.  
18th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Polytechnic Concert at 8.  
19th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30. National Sunday League at 7.  
21st.—Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. E. Consolo's Pianoforte Recital at 3.

22nd.—Queen's (large) Hall: Q.H.C., "Seasons" (Spring), "Hymn of Praise," "19th Psalm," at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Herr H. Lutter's Pianoforte Recital at 3.  
25th.—Queen's (large) Hall: London Ballad Concert at 3. Polytechnic Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Foskett's Concert at 3.  
26th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30. National Sunday League at 7.  
29th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Herr H. Lutter's Pianoforte Recital at 3.  
30th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Miss E. Barnett's Pianoforte Recital at 3.

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